

Nobody's Home

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Summary: All he knows is that he has to get away.

(Cursed/amnesiac!Sam)

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For a long time, all he knows is that he has to get away. It blocks out every other thought in his head, consumes every fibre of his being, enthrals him completely. He's left with the vague impression of a steady stream of buses and when he finds himself at a station with a pocket full of useless coins instead of a ticket he boosts a car instead. He doesn't know when he learnt how to hot wire but his hands remember exactly what to do.

He doesn't know what it is he has to get away from either but he knows that the further away he gets, the easier it is to breathe around the tightness in his chest. The buzzing static of anxiety in his head softens with each mile he puts between himself and God knows what. He doesn't know where he's going but that doesn't seem to matter much compared to whatever it is he's leaving behind him.

In fact, after a while "days? Weeks? - he realises that he really doesn't know much of anything at all. Not his name or his age, nothing about his past, where he came from, or why he's running. He's always been running. He thinks he should probably be concerned that he can't remember this stuff but he can't seem to bring himself to get upset. This confuses him even more and he pulls his latest stolen car over to the side of the road so he can think.

"What are you doing?" he asks the person to peers back at him from

the rear view mirror.

He's young, younger than he feels, definitely less than eighteen, still baby-faced and waiting for a growth spurt. He looks down at himself but his frayed jeans and threadbare hoodie don't offer any clues to his identity, except to solidify the image of a scruffy teenager. There's a backpack on the seat next to him and a vague memory of carrying it bus to bus, stolen car to stolen car. When he looks inside he finds it full of schoolbooks. There's a name printed neatly in the top right corner of the first one he checks.

He turns back to the mirror and wonders if he looks like a Sam W. He thinks he looks like he needs a comb. His hair is dark brown and long enough to curl around his ears and collar, and after who knows how many nights sleeping on buses or in the back seat of cars, it's tangled and spiked up in all directions as if he's just received an electric shock. His eyes are dark too and he stares hard at them. He doesn't recognise his reflection at all.

"Where did you come from?" he asks himself curiously. "Are you Sam?"

The silence offers no answers. He's alone and has every intention of staying that way so maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe none of that matters. He readjusts the mirror and shoves the books back into his bag. Staying still is making his skin itch so he decides to forget about things as inconsequential as his name and starts focusing on the much more important task of escaping. He spends a little time idly wondering what exactly he's escaping from but all that does is make his head hurt. Thinking about pretty much anything makes his head hurt so he turns the radio up, empties his mind, and just drives.

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A Black Sabbath song almost costs him his sanity, and maybe his life. He has no idea why. One second, he is fine, then the song starts and his vision goes white. He slams on the breaks in alarm, and a second later slams into the steering wheel as another car rear-ends his. He's not wearing a seatbelt. A horn blares and his head throbs as he reaches out blindly to turn off the radio. His fingers fumble over dials in a panic and he accidentally turns the volume up.

He has to bite his tongue to keep from screaming. There's something about this song, some vague memory of unfamiliar voices singing along to it, that terrifies all reason out of him. He's shaking uncontrollably, desperate to make it stop, and he can't think, can't see, can't breathe...

He flings the door open, snatches up his bag and all but throws himself out of the car, grazing his palms on the asphalt. There's more honking, someone's yelling at him, he can still hear Ozzy Osbourne's voice, and he thinks he might be in the middle of the road but this doesn't matter nearly as much as getting away from the song. He scrambles to his feet, slings his bag over his shoulder, and runs.

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The night is cold and miserable. Rain pounds against the pavement,

flooding the gutters. He doesn't know how long he's been gone " he doesn't remember a time when he wasn't gone " but the drive to keep moving hasn't relented. He has to keep putting space between himself and... something. Something really bad.

But it's late and he's soaked through, freezing cold and exhausted down to his bones. He can't stop himself from sinking down into a doorway, huddled up with his knees hugged to his chest. He'll just rest for a little while. Just until he warms up a bit. Maybe he could risk an hour or two of sleep.

His stomach rumbles resentfully, adding to his body's long list of complaints. He doesn't know when he last ate. There's a dumpster not too far away; maybe there's something edible in there. He stares at it longingly but he's shivering too hard to get up and check it out, and anyway, he has one of his confusing half-memories of an angry baker shooing him away from a different dumpster with threats of calling the police. He doesn't want to have to move on just yet, not while it's raining so hard.

He shrugs out of his backpack and sits cross-legged with it in his lap. He opens the zip and stares down at the, now slightly sodden, schoolbooks, full of handwriting that matches his own, full of homework he doesn't remember doing, from a school he doesn't remember going to, in a place he doesn't remember being. He should throw them away. They don't help him in any way and he could use the bag to carry something more useful.

"Like a blanket," he murmurs to himself, setting his teeth chattering. Rain drips from the tips of his hair, hanging in dark tendrils over his forehead, and splashes down onto the books.

He can't get rid of them. There's a small part of him that's bothered by his complete lack of memories and his near-total indifference to the loss, and the books are the only proof he has that there was a 'before' to all this running and hiding. This wasn't always his life. Maybe one day there will be something other than this.

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There's a car.

A sleek, black car that gives him a heart attack the moment he lays eyes on it. He feels it like a physical blow to his chest, so hard that he stumbles against the shop window he's passing and earns himself a glare from a middle-aged woman with a toddler on her hip. She probably thinks he's on drugs. He's wondered himself whether he might be on drugs, even though he doesn't ever remember taking them. He feels like he could be, like he's not acting like himself, even if he doesn't remember who he is or how he usually acts.

Right now, he doesn't care about this woman or anyone or anything else other than putting as much distance between himself and that car as is humanly possible. He knows, he just knows, that whatever it is he's running from is in that car and he can't let it find him.

It's worse than the Black Sabbath song. This is pure, unadulterated terror, a thousand times stronger than the underlying dread he's lived with day after day for as long as he can remember. He's blind again, running purely on some sort of instinct that guides him

automatically past obstacles without needing to use his eyes. His lungs feel like they're being compressed, crushed in a giant fist, and he wants to throw up, but the desire " the compulsion " to flee won't let him stop even for that. His head is filled with the screeching of thousands of nails of chalkboards, a horrible high-pitched screaming -

He slams into a solid shape " brighter than even the white that stole his vision - that must come out of no where, hard enough that he bounces backwards, stumbling towards the ground, but the shape has hands and they latch onto his shoulders, steadying and ensnaring him. He knows by the iron grip that the shape has no intention of letting him go, just like he knows by the spike of pain and sudden crescendo of screeching in his head that this is the end. All that running and he still couldn't get away.

He's screaming hysterical nonsense, fighting with teeth and fingernails, when his backpack is dragged from his shoulders, almost pulling him to the ground as it's wrestled from his back. He tries desperately to hold onto it " _it's his, he needs it, there's something in it that he has to keep_ " but he's overpowered as he lunges after it, a huge weight pouncing on his back and pinning him to the concrete. Hands are riffling through his pockets and he writhes helplessly, scraping his arms against the pavement.

There's someone in front of him, dumping the schoolbooks unceremoniously out of the bag and onto the ground, tearing the zip open so wide he's sure it will never zip up properly again. The person " _thing, monster, who knows, doesn't matter, run run run or it's all over, it's all over now_ " shakes the bag inside out while he screams and struggles.

"Hurry, Dean!" the weight on his back yells.

"I'm trying!" the thing with his bag yells back, and their voices are like thunderclaps inside his brain. He slams his hands over his ears, moaning desperately, and feels something warm spill over his fingers. His nose is bleeding too, he realises. He can taste it between screams, and all he can do is clutch at his head and sob. So this is how he dies.

"_Dean_"

"I've got it!"

His bag is torn to shreds on the concrete. Something bursts into flames in the hands of the shape beside it, startlingly bright and sudden, a shower of sparks fizzing in his limited vision, which clears just as suddenly to reveal a young man, no more than twenty (_Dean_, his mind supplies), dropping the flaming remains of a much smaller, cruder bag (_hexbag_) to the ground, turning to look down at him hopefully -

And Sam remembers everything.

END

End
file.